

Byrd Tracy

"Hot Night in the Country"

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Two buttons on her blouse open
Along with the windows
Hoping she might catch an evening breeze
Oh, yeah

Ice cube down her neck dripping
Oh, my look where it's slipping
Got me sweating like a glass of tea

It's a hot night in the country
Taking us to an all-time high
Getting downright sultry
And it can only get hotter tonight

The whole time that I see her
Cooling herself by the freezer
I'm steady picking up steam
She sighs and that ain't helping
Already had me melting
Like a scoop of homemade ice cream

It's a hot night in the country
Taking us to an all-time high
Getting downright sultry
And it can only get hotter tonight

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